

The Tragedy of Hamlet

through the guttes of a begger.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heauen, send thether to see, if your messenger find him not there, seeke him ith other place your selfe, but if indeed you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you goe vpp the stayres into the Lobby.

King. Goe seeke him there

Ham. A will stay till you come.

King. Hamlet this deede for thine especiall safety Which wee do tender, as wee deerely greeue For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence: Therefore prepare thy selfe, The barke is ready, and the wind at helpe, Th'assotiats tend, and euery thing is bent For England.

Ham. For England.

King. I Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a Cherub that sees them, but come for England. Farewell deere mother.

King. Thy louing father Hamlet.

Ham. My mother, father and mother is man and wife, Man and wife is one flesh, so my mother: Come for England. *Exit-*

King. Follow him at foote, Tempt him with speede abourd, Delay it not, Ile haue him hence to night. Away, for euery thing is seald and done That els leanes on the affaire, pray you make hast, And England if my loue thou hold'st at ought, As my great power thereof may giue thee sence, Since yet thy Cicatrice looks raw and red, After the Danish sword, and thy freee awe Payes homage to vs, thou maist not coldly set Our soueraigne proceffe, which imports at full By letters congruing to that effect The present death of Hamlet, do it England, For like the Hectique in my blood hee rages,

Prince of Denmarke.

And thou must cure me till I know tis done,
How ere my haps, my ioyes will nere beginne. *Exit.*

Enter Fortinbrasse with his Arme ouer the Stage.

Fortin. Goe Capitaine, from mee greet the Danish King, Tell him, that by his lycence *Fortinbrasse* Craues the conueyance of a promisd march Ouer his kingdome, you know the rendezuous, If that his maiesty would ought with vs, Wee shall expresse our duty in his eye, And let him know so.

Cap. I will doo't my Lord.

Fortin. Goe softly on.

Enter Hamlet, Rosencrans, &c.

Ham. Good sir whose powers are these?

Cap. The are of Norway sir.

Ham. How propold sir I pray you?

Cap. Aainst some part of Poland.

Ham. Who commands them sir?

Cap. The Nephew to old Norway, *Fortinbrasse*.

Ham. Goes it against the maine of Poland sir?

Or for some frontire?

Cap. Truely to speake, and with no addition,

We goe to gaine a little patch of ground

That hath in it no profit but the name

To pay five duckets; fine I would not farme it?

Nor will it yeeld to Norway or the Pole

A rancker rate, should it bee sold in fee.

Ham. Why then the Pollacke neuer will defend it.

Cap. Yes it is already garisond.

Ham. Two thousand foules and twenty thousand duckets

Will not debate the question of this draw,

This is th' impostume of much wealth and peace,

That inward breakes and shewes no cause without

Why the man dies. I humbly thanke you sir.

Cap. God buy you sir.

Ros. Wil't please you goe my Lord?

Ham. Ile be with you straight, goe a lirtle before,
How all occasions do informe against mee,